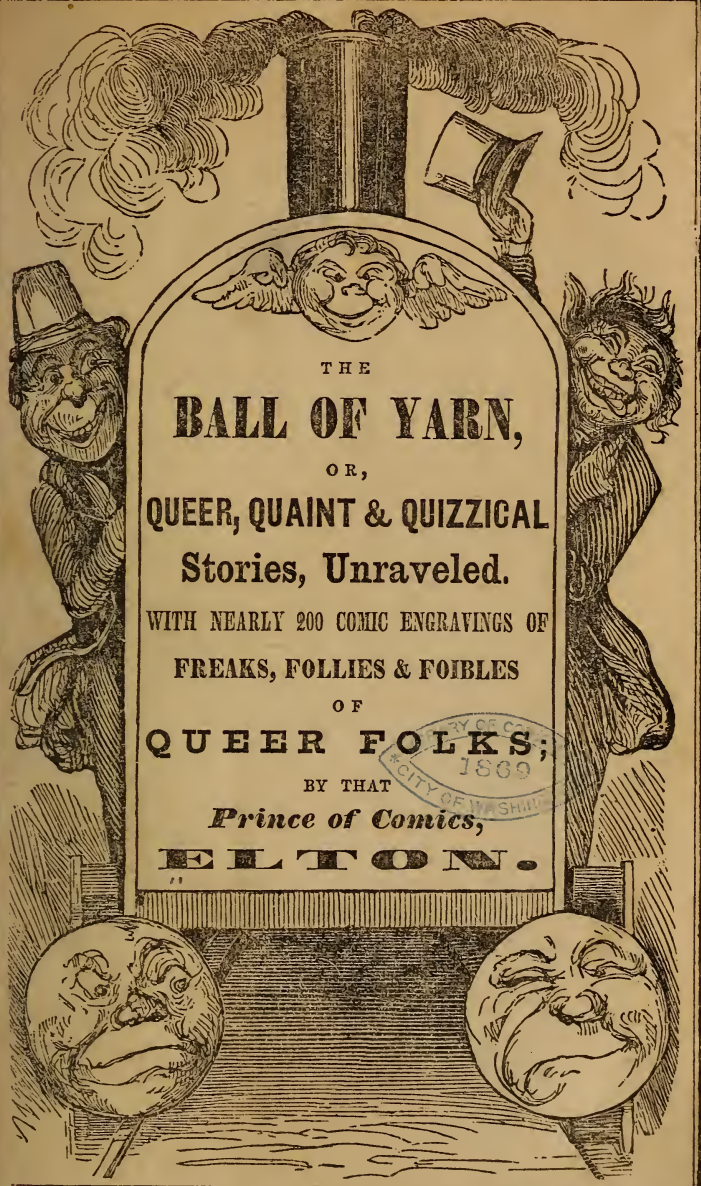
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THE

# BALL OF YARN,

OR,

## QUEER, QUAINT & QUIZZICAL

## Stories, Unraveled.

WITH NEARLY 200 COMIC ENGRAVINGS OF

FREAKS, FOLLIES & FOIBLES

OF

## QUEER FOLKS;

BY THAT

*Prince of Comics,*

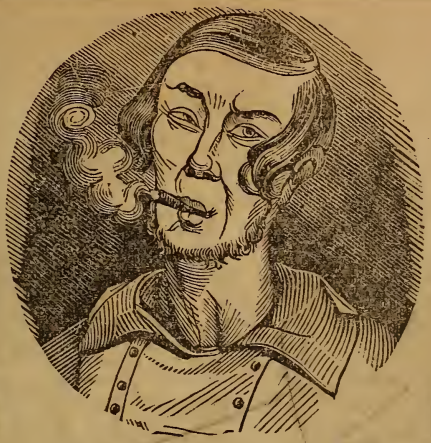
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# MOSE KEYSER



THE BOWERY BULLY'S TRIP
*TO THE CALIFORNIAN GOLD MINES.*



*Mose as he now appears.*



*Mose as he used to appear*




MOSE KEYSER, the pet of Centre Market and the Bowery bully—every body knows Mose; and them that dont know Mose, dont know any body, as is any body; a spree wouldn't be a spree if Mose wasn't thar, at a fire or a Vauxhall Ball, our hero is equally at home, and wo to the green horn that attempts to *make a muss* when he is about; he walks into a row like a pile of brick, unlike General Taylor, he always has a friend to reward and an enemy to punish, and is always to be found by either—well, now Mose as I was saying, goes up to the hub fer the New York *Sun*, because the said *Sun* did say that the Smoke and Thunder Guards was the best drilled fire company in our diggins, so in course Mose reads the Sun, and reading the Sun got the Californy fever; he know'd the Gold was thar, cause it was in the Sun, and being in the Sun was O. K. So he read and re-read the correspondence in the Sun, until he heard the Hall Bell ring for fire.



FANCY SKETCH OF CALIPH-HORNY!



After running two miles *wid der machine* finds it's a false alarm—consoles himself with two stews and a Welch Rarebit at Perkins', tops off with a brandy smash, *turns in* at the bunk-room, and dreams of mountains of gold, diamonds the size of a hunk of chalk, and being made Chief Engineer.

## MOSE'S FAREWELL.

TUNE—"OH SUSANNAH."

I've *put* from New York city,
With my wash bowl on my knee.
And I'm going to California
The gold dust for to see;
It rained all night the day I left
But I was *gallus* dry,
So I did put the party through,
But Syksey don't you cry.
Oh California I'm told
Is just the land for me,
I'm going there for lumps of gold,
With my wash bowl on my knee.

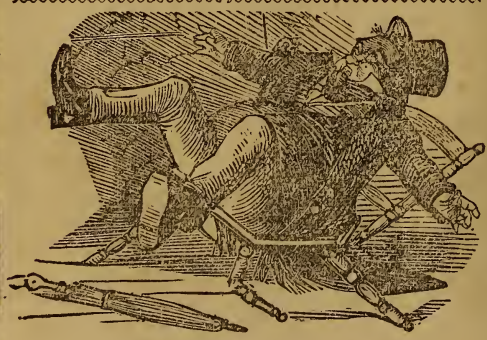
I jumped on board the Apollo ship
And quicker we went to sea,
And every time I thought of home,
Oh! I wished it was'nt me.
The Vessel reared like an old Horse,
It did like any darn'd elf,
I found out it could'nt throw me,
But soon I had *to throw* myself.
Oh California.

I thought of all the rowdy times
We'd spree'd together here,
So I tried to cry a bit,
But could'nt raise a tear.
The Pilot bread was in my mou'h,
And Brandy smashes in my eye,
And though I'm going far away
Oh Syksey don't you cry.
Oh California

I soon shall be in San Francisco,
And then I'll look all round,
And when I see the gold lumps there
I'll pick them off the ground.
I'll rake the mountains down my boys
I'll drain the rivers dry,
A pocket full of rocks bring home,
So Syksey! don't you cry.
Oh California.




There's lots of Gold in Kaliforny no mistake in that, but then you see it takes lots of gold to get over to sun-set; now Mose had been to the races about that time, and the honest covey as did the little joker in the thimble-rig line, had eased Mose of his last dime, so the next morning after taking his bitters, a brandy smash and a cobler by way of an eye-opener, Mose queries with himself respecting the tin—no bladders on hand and nothing to put up the spout; so without any qualms, he calls on his rich uncle, the Boss of the melting association, and in a few words tells the Old Fogey how the matters stand, repeats the glowing description's of the gold diggens a-la-the Sun; know'd nuncle was an out and outer, would'nt a come to him else, and if he know'd nuncle, why nuncle know'd him could lick any man of his weight and size in Centre Market. Tom Hyer was some, but he could'nt walk his chalks with a chap of his figure, but to come to the pint, all he wanted was a cool hundred or so. Yes he did.



*Chairing a Member of the California Congress.*






Nuncle's literary knowledge had never extended to the classical expression of the indignant landlady—when she exclaimed "no you don't, Mr. Ferguson, you can't come in" but a sort of a—Don't you wish you may get it? is very plainly expressed on the old gents brow, and a sort of an "If-you-get-it-before-I-do-let-me-know-it," glance from his eyes; the Uncle was decidedly in an unamiable mood, for you see the Old Fufu having just received intelligence of a protested Note, and not being in a very *hand over the needful* humor, shows his hopeful nephew the door the carpenter made, same time giving him permission to go to the hottest place on record. Mose puts with a threat of *lamming* the old covey, and doing nothing else.

*I always likes to save trouble! Boots for the Boss, and Coffee for the Mistress; easy done once as twice going up stairs.*






*If any you gintlemen have been long enough on Blackwells Island to have learnt Geology, I'll thank him to pint out the softest stone, for I'm rather particular about taking a soft seat.*

WHILST *tossing* up whether to set fire to his uncle's slaughter-house, or to lame his fast horse, he receives a note from his Aunty inclosing $200 with a request that he will *put off quicker*, for fear the old man might get wind of the money, and smoke where it come from. Mose allows the old woman to be a good un to go, if she is a rum to look at, blasts his eyes for luck, and tries his hand, no I mistake his feet, in a game of double shuffle, and finishes by trying to calculate the proposition of "if an ounce of gold is worth $17, what will a blasted big pile come to?" Ans.—To New York quicker!




All the *Volunteers* of the machine Mose belongs to, volunteer to look a Ship for him, and by their united efforts, and any quantity of drinks, they cant decide on which is the best vessel, until a captain, sharper than the rest, stands punches all round, and having closed their eyes, they see clearly that his is *the* craft and no mistake. Having engaged passage, he sets about laying in his stores, lots of *Tod*, Segars, Tobacco, Spades, Hoes, Shovels, Pickaxes, Rifles, Pistols and Bowie Knives, Red Shirts and big Hats—not forgetting lots of beans and Blake's Bitters; when getting the last at *Tom's* he puts the party through.



*Hard Times.*



*Custom House Inquisitiveness, looking in an Elephant's trunk for Smuggled goods.*



therose is a trump and nothing shorter; he's rock, raal adamant almost, but Me is one little soft spot. Mose like his betters, has a weakness, its an amiable one, no less than the one his grandfather Adam got in a scrape about with Mrs. Eve; in short, not to be too prosy, Mose's weakness is woman. "Gallus Lize" as the bhoys affectionately call her, is the pet of our hero; the parting with her on Pier No. 10 East River was melting as tallow in dog days; and the last smack he gave her was so tremendous, that it frightened a skittish horse so that he backed over the string piece into the river. He did.

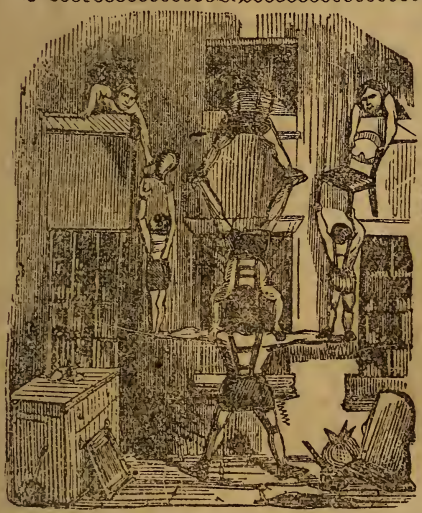


*Making BEASTS of themselves.*

Professor Morse seems to have got Riley about his telegraphic rights. We fear that Judge Crank's late decision may prove a Bain to his hopes. Should he be ultimately successful, the House will prove too hot to hold his opponents.

The shores of the Hudson, it is said, have no equals. It may be so, but they certainly have a great many *piers*, at least in our vicinity.





*The Ravel Family sacking the Royal Palace of Louis Phillipe.*

It would be out of place to attempt to *set down* all that Mose *hove up* in that voyage. Mose vowed that he had trebled and quadrupled many a horn at home, that was'nt a circumstance to his doubling a Horn at sea.

Suffice to say, that after numerous misadventures by sea and land, he arrives at the modern Ophir. His usual good luck attends him. The first day he finds a solid lump of Gold weighing One Hundred Pounds, Ten Ounces, Fifteen Pennyweights and twenty Grains.

---

HINTS ON MATRIMONY — Don't be surprised if, after you have sailed smoothly eight or ten months, on the voyage of matrimony, you are suddenly overtaken by *squalls!*






*" The Goblet so bright, and the Lad so tight."*

Mose was a bad economist, he never stopt to "count his beans" and sharing his stock with one sucker and another, he soon run ashore in the victualling department; as his provisions got scarce his appetite increased, and he was compelled to look around for fodder; when who should he come athwart, but Old Solomon Judas, the cursedest Jew that ever swindled in Chatham Street. Mose had bought red shirts, and forty inches round the bottom part of the old Villian, who in return seeing Mose was an old friend, kindly gives him a pound of pork for a pound of gold.

"Do you keep matches here," asked a wag of a retailer. "Oh, yes, all kinds," was the reply. "Then I'll take a trotting match."

When a Baltimore girl is kissed, she says she is taking chloroform, and remains insensible as long as the operation lasts.



Luck comes so strong he can't bluff it off no how, and in a short time he gets together so much of the *O be joyful*, that it fills his tent, chock up, and he is compelled to sleep out in the open air, with nothing but his boots to shelter him—he sleeps sound nevertheless.

---

The extensive authority of parents, under the Chinese laws, is well known. A Chinese of forty years old, whose aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of one of his friends. "Why do you weep?" "Alas! things are not as they used to be—the poor woman's arm grows feebler every day."



*"Never look a gift Horse in the mouth."*



*Old Comic Elton returning thanks to the Committee that called on him, nominating him for Governor of California. He thanks them with all his heart, but begs leave to decline the honor.*





Up to this time, Mose has worked so hard and slept so sound that he has had no time for reflection, but now his gold had got beyond millions, and the Schoolmaster not being abroad in those diggens, he could'nt cypher out Billions and Trillions. So he knocked off for a days recreation, which said spree ended in his spelling out the name of his darling *Lize* in the Golden Sands, with a diamond period. He determined to return to NewYork, quicker, buy up the Astor House, have a glorious tuck out and astonish the Natives

Calves' heads and ox tails are, in England, considered as delicacies; and, if our butchers would save them for sale, they would be certain never to lose money, as they would then make both ends *meat*.

The difference between the cholera and ere vasse at New Orleans is, that one *broke out*, and the other *broke in*.

*The newly hatched American Eagle getting the first glance of the Pacific Ocean from OUR possession in California.*



Mose and his Ship-load of mintdrops, arrive safe in New York port. The Common Council or as the rogues call them "uncommon scoundrels," vote him the Freedom of the City, and the use of the Governors Room; he is received into the bosom of his Uncle's family with the most *disinterested* affection; he forgives the old man in consideration of what the old woman did for him, make's them richer than ever old John Jacob Astor was. He and Lize *gets slung*, and he dos'nt (*a mistake*)—and he does do something else, and finally dies a good old age, with lots of Goslings, Gold and Glory.



*Lize as she appeared on board Mose's Golden Yatch off Castle Garden.*

"When I goes shoppin'," said Mrs Partington, "I allays asks for what I wants, and if they have it, and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to buy it, and it's cheap and can't be got at any other place for less, I most allays takes it without chapperin' about it all day long like some people does."

A wag was jogging home rather late and a little happy, when, passing by a dark alley, a large two-fisted fellow stepped out, and seizing him by the collar, demanded his money. "Money!" said the wag, "money! I have none—but if you wait a moment, I will give you my note at thirty days"

## ANOTHER LITTLE COMIC.—A DEDICATION

"Here, Mr, Pug; here's the little beauty—the very picture of its daddy! Isn't it an angel, Mr. Pug? Kiss the dear little critter, for it's the very flower of the family."

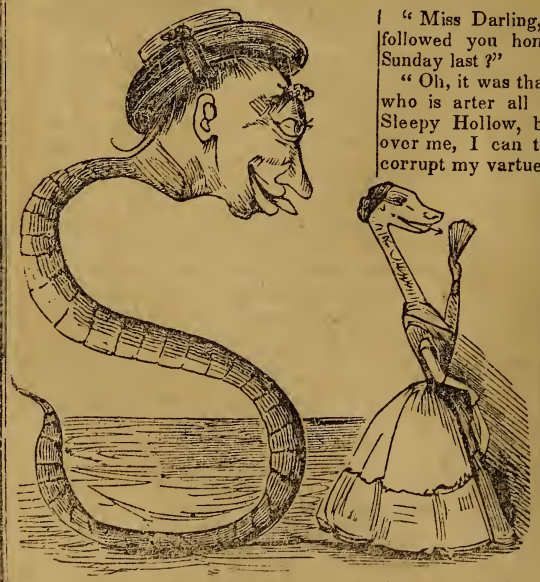
"The devil! It's no more like me than a saucepan is like a jewsharp! Now I recollect, that pedlar that was along this way last year had just such a nose!"

"Oh, Mr. Pug, how can you suspicion your own lawful wife in that way? Besides, there's no use in cryin' for spilt milk, and one baby is as good as another."



---

"I say, Jack," shouted a Smithfield drover the other day to his pal, "these cursed sheep vont move in this vether; lend us a bark of your dog, vill you,"



THE SEA SARPINT ARTER ANN-ACONDA

"Miss Darling, who was that that followed you home from Church on Sunday last?"

"Oh, it was that divlish John Stubbs, who is arter all the gals this side of Sleepy Hollow, but he'll never come over me, I can tell you. He'll never corrupt my vartue, no how."

"And if he does, Miss Darling, I'll tell you what I would do. I would jist sarve him the same sass, and that 'ill be into him."

---

A gallant wag was lately sitting beside his beloved, and being unable to think of any thing else to say, asked her why she was like a tailor? "I don't know," said she, with a pouting lip, "unless it is because I'm sitting beside a goose."



"Now—now, Miss Dinah, you can't say but that I'm a good-looking fellow; and you knows I loves you as I love my life. You can't say but I loves you, sartin."

"I tinks you does, Pete, I tinks you loves me, dem's a fact You hab won my wirgin heart, Pete."

"Oh, you delikit critter, when shall I be so happy as to call you my own, and enjoy those ravishing charms all to myself?"

"Lor! Pete, how you makes one feel wid your ways! As soon as de 'malgamation law is passed, I will make you happy, Pete."

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"Odds zooks! who are you and what do you want? You may be a very clever fellow, but you're not good looking."

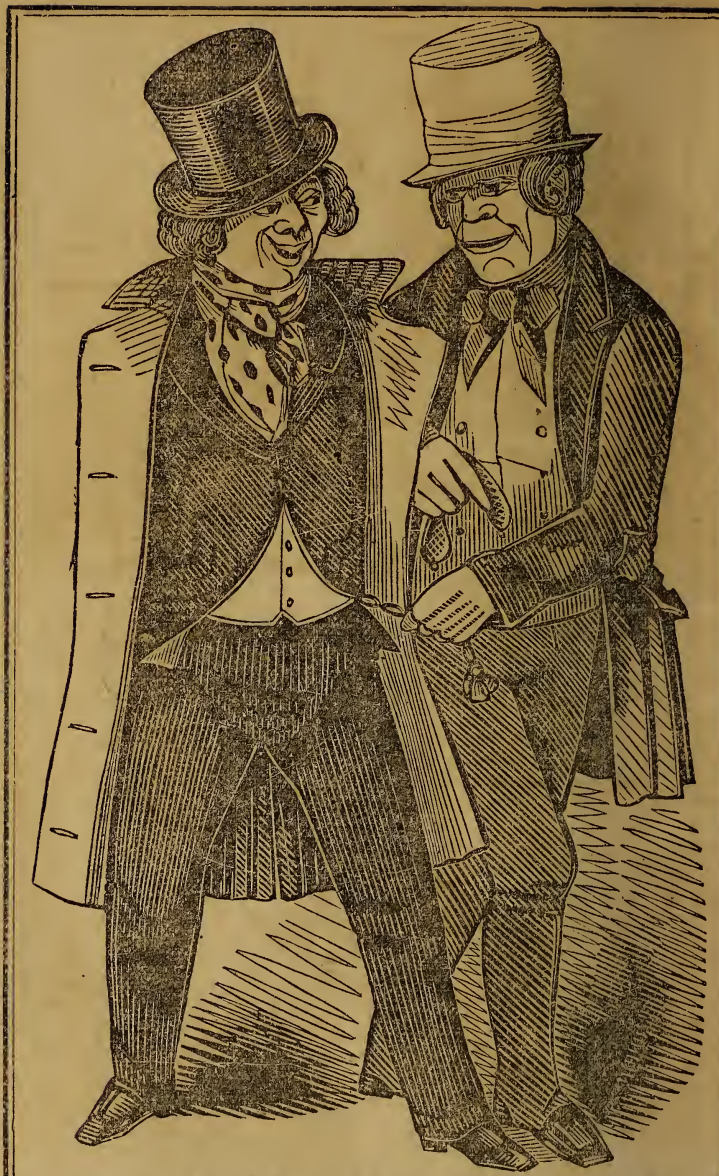
"A truce with your compliments. old Gummy, or I'll kick up a family quarrel between us. A fat oyster wouldn't be a circumstance to the way I'd swallow you."

---

To keep out of jail, pay your debts.



WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU?



*A Green Horn from the Country just arrived in town to see the Animal. Escorted by one of the City Pilots.*—"You are without (hic) exception the most (hic) gentlemanly chap I (hic) ever —— that ——"

"Ah, you may think yourself lucky you've got in sich respectable company, seeing vot a state you're in. I'm blow'd if some people would'nt have rob'd yer!"

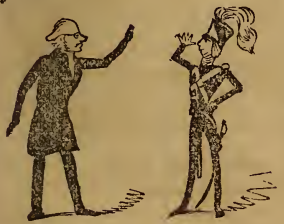
# A TALE OF A TAYL-OR.



Agustus Lennox, having a commission as a Lieutenant, comes from the Jarsies to get a suit of soger clothes from a Broadway Tailor.



The Broadway Tailor cogitating. He wondereth if Mr. Lennox will pay his bill.



The Broadway Tailor dunneth the Lieutenant—asking for money—he getteth a *sight*.



The Broadway Tailor trieth it on the said Lieutenant Lennox's anxious Pa! The Honorable Mr. Lennox, Member of Congress from the Jarsies, replieth: "The young man you allude to is of age," and then telleth the Broadway Tailor to "go to H— or Hackensack."



The Broadway Tailor is sorely troubled. The garments of *the* man-of-war are at Fort Hamilton, and the Lieutenant only tarrieth for the sailing of *a* man-of-war to take the said garments to Mexico. The Broadway Tailor looketh abroad for aid, and is told to go into Nassau St., yea, even into a lawyer's office. He doth so, and is comforted. The man of law talketh learnedly of writs! Eldridge street prison!! and non-resident debtors!!!



Lennox is flumoxed. The lawyer getteth an order for costs and all, on the paymaster. The Tailor flourisheth his shears in triumph, and biddeth the young man go and sin no more.



*A Spanish Officer raising Recruits to repel the Invaders of Cuba.*

"Wal," said a soft-hearted, blubbering Jonathan, the other day, "Suke has gin me the sack, by gravy! I've lost her"

"Lost her; how?" inquired his sympathizing friend.

"I laid the soft soap into her so darned thick, that the critter got so proud she wouldn't speak to me."

---

"What a charming bouquet!" said a fascinating lady, who was holding a nosegay; "I almost adore flowers—my senses become intoxicated with their odor."

"Ha, madam," replied a gentleman, "you don't mean to say you ever get drunk on a scent," (*cent.*)

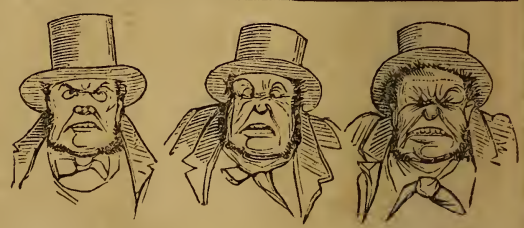
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A Rural Repast,—*Or Calling without an Invitation.*—"Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves will never shake."—*Macbeth.*

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Never tell a man his children don't look like him. It may be true; still it don't sit well, especially if he is much away from home.



*Half Angry. Three-quarters Angry. Whole Angry.*

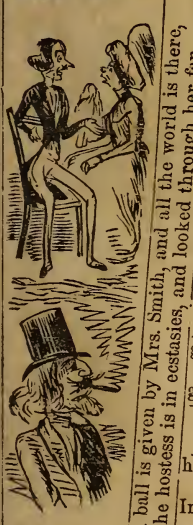
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Permit me to introduce myself, as the oyster-knife said to the native.

# MARRIAGE.



A ball is given by Mrs. Smith, and all the world is there,
The hostess is in ecstasies, and looked through her fan,



To fill her rooms and meet the guests assembled in the square;
At Arthur Green, allowed by all, to be a nice young man.

miss, but ended with a
tice did not prove a

road carriage, Ball prac-
smoothly ran, as any rail

The course of true love
mansland, and S.C.A.M.P.

bogue, Knight of Know-
of high degree, Count Hom-

offers has refused, and some
fortune in herself! A hundred

Lucy's such a fortune—yes, a
oh, what is worldly pelf? When

Dear Lucy such a treasure is—
a lady talks, it is with Mrs. Smith.

rushes out forthwith, When next
he to [then
She blushes, stops, and palpitates.

what he says, his passion he con-
fesses. [knowing
fondly presses, While, scarcely

giddy now by whirling round, his
suit he And
grown—at least, he has grown soft;

he's been off, Until the youth has ten-
der [partner
In waltz, quadrille, and gallopade, her

Not quite a cousin, sister, niece, nor child of Mrs. Smith,
What matters that? there's Lucy Lott, entrancing Arthur Green!




For he is talking to her ward, a sort of kin or kith,
But something of a relative, adopted, as I ween—

# THE UNION.

# S-E-P-A-R-A-T-I-O-N!











The happy couple travel'd o'er the lovely Isle of Wight, Romantic spot for honeymoons, and Hymen's chaste delight!
So very loving at the Chines, they often were mistaken For some fond couple, candidates for Dunmow's flitch of bacon:

agreed, and that was
Until on one point both

temper, and vexation,
passed in bickerings, ill-

been. Their time was
away, or countess she had

vowed she'd thrown herself
call on Mrs. Green, Who

too, *would* leave his card, and
have kept. Count Hombogue.

yes, she did—should single folks
wept!) Some folks she knew—oh

how noble, kind (and here both
ladies [was,
deed, or dress! How good he

no will but hers, in thought,
word, [knew
told how Mr. S.—dear creature!—

Then Mrs. Smith gave good advice,
and [he?"
to be immured with such a man as

to fancy such as she, Would e'er sub-
mit [presumed
bawl out, And "wish to know if he

So changed since Mrs. S.'s ball, that
often she'd [him about,
For Mrs. G. has such a way of ordering









But Love has wings, and uses them, I'm sadly grieved to say—When matrimonial gales arise, they blow young Love away;
So now to London when returned, and all the sights were seen, Then Mr. Green began to find he was not "jolly" Green.

# THE REPEAL.



*Sometimes a slip of the tongue will cause the best of friends to fall out.*

VERY EXPLICIT. —A Yankee riding up to a Dutchman, exclaimed, "Well, stranger, for acquaintance sake, what might be your name?" "Vy, my name is Haunch Hollenhoffenehiffenhoffengradensteiner!" "By Cape Cod, if that aint as long as a pumpkin vine. Well, I han't no time to lose; I'm on a speculation. Tell me the way to Harrisburgh." "To Harrisburgh. Vell, you see dat roat pon de hill?" pointing in the direction. "Oh, yes, I see it." "Vell, den, you must not take dat roat. You see dis roat by the coal-bank?" "Yes." "Well, dat is not the roat, too; but you must go straight py de parn dere, and ven you see von roat crooks just so"—bending his elbows, and describing it at the same time,—"and ven you get dere, keep right along till you gits furder. Vell, den, you will turn de potato path round the pridge over the river up stream, and de hill up, and directly you see mone prodder Fitz's parn, shingled mit straw, dat's the house where mone prodder lives. He'l tell you so petter as I can. And you go a little pit furder, you see two roats; you mus'ht not take bote of 'em." The Yankee rode off at the top of his speed.



*Look out for Ram when you see this Sign.*



*The fellow whose mother weaned him on Salt Fish, consequently he's always dry.*

There is a boy in Canal street with a face so dirty, that his father uses him for Sand-paper.

When the old Coon up the tree saw Col Crocket taking aim, he hailed him, "if that's you Crocket don't fire, I'll come down, it's no use trying to dodge your shot;" and as Crockett was to the varmint, so is my friend Genius Scott the Angling Sportsmen of Broadway to the Piscatorial tribe, though not exactly a King-fisher he is the Emperor of the Waltonians, who so learned in Rods and Reels, Baits and Hooks, and all the minutia of that most delightful of all Sporting: every lake and stream that shelters the finny is known to him and those he don't know, aint worth knowing. He rightly considers that all the living streams were originated for the amusement of himself and fellow sportsmen, and that it would be flat burglary not to avail himself of the chances. Smart as Pickerel, lively as a Trout, he is any thing but a Cod or a Flat fish.





LAUGHING FAMILY.

THE ABOVE ARE CORRECT LIKENESSES OF A FAMILY AFTER READING THE SHILLING'S WORTH OF FUN.

## A GOOD HINT FOR A YOUTH.

An old chap in Connecticut, who was one of the most niggardly men known in that part of the country, carried on the blacksmithing business very extensively; and, as is generally the case in that state, boarded all his own hands. And to show how much he envied the men what they ate, he would have a bowl of bean soup dished up for himself to cool, while that for the hands was set before them boiling hot. One of the boys was rather unlucky among the hot irons, frequently burning his fingers. The old man scolded him severely one day, for being so careless.

"How can I tell," said the boy, "if they are hot, unless they are red?"

"Never touch anything again till you spit on it; if it don't hiss, it won't burn."

In a day or two, the old man sent the boy to see if his soup was cool. The boy went in—spit in the bowl: of course, the soup did not hiss. He went back and told the boss all was right.

"Dinner!" cried he.

All hands run; down sat the old man at the head of the table; and in went a large spoonful of the boiling hot soup to his mouth.

"Good Heavens!" cried the old man, in the greatest rage. "What did you tell me that lie for, you young rascal?"

"I did not lie," said the boy, very innocently. "You told me I should spit on anything to try if it was hot. I spit in your bowl, and the soup did not hiss, so I supposed it was cool."

---

A young lad recently ran away from home and went to a tavern, where he was found by a friend, with a cigar in his mouth. "What made you leave home?" said the friend. "O," said he, "father and mother were so saucy that I could'nt stand it—so I quit 'em."

---

"Did you know," said a cunning Yankee to a Jew, "that they hang Jews and jackasses together in Portland?"

"Indeed! then it is well that you and I are not there," retorted the Jew.

---

Advocate (fiercely)—"Upon your oath, sir, will you swear that this is not your hand-writing?"

Witness (coolly)—"I will, sir, for I can't write."



## HUNTING THE HARE.

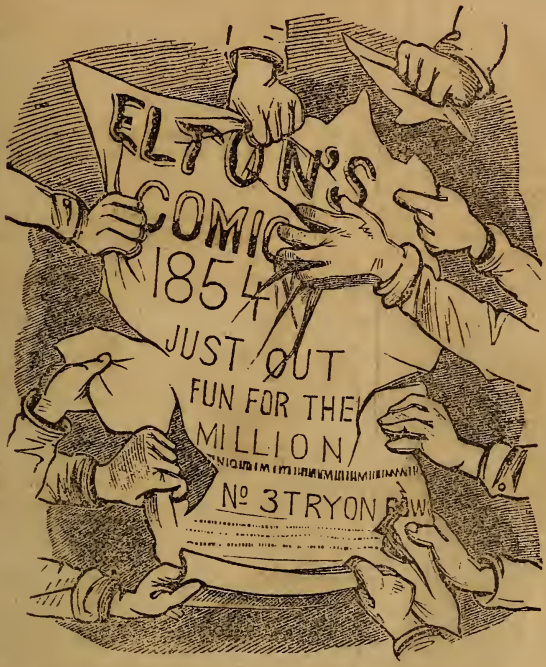
Hans Van Underdonk, being an amateur Sportsman, thought he would like to take a hunt one fine day in the fall, and fearing he might lose his dog, he tied him to the flap of his pants. They had not proceeded far in the fields, when Towser espied a Hare, and made a spring for him; and in doing so, the certain part of his unmentionables gave way—his gun went off the same time with the dog. "Mine got!" exclaimed Hans, "mine gun runs off mit mine tog, and te Hare runs off mit mine flap, all te whiles."

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THE ART OF BALANCING.—An exceedingly "fast" young gentleman, after running through a fortune, was induced to become a clerk in a public office. The dull routine of his duties, however, interfered too much with the allurements of society to be long agreeable, and the salary was small. He had made up his mind to resign, when the chief of the department to which he belonged took occasion to task him severely for his general negligence, and contempt for all the rules of the office. The superfine clerk was indignant. He did not care a rap for the paltry berth—the salary scarcely found him in cigars and gloves "Very well," said the precise principal; "it will be my painful duty to supersede you. As soon, therefore, as you have balanced your books ——" "Balance, be hanged!" was the interruption. "I never learnt conjuring. If you want the books balanced, send for Ramo Samee; he'll balance them for you—on his chin, if you ask him."

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HOBSON'S CHOICE.—"Gentlemen and ladies," said the Newport master of the ceremonies, introducing a lovely woman into the ball-room, "this is Mrs. Hobson. I have often heard of Hobson's choice, but never had the pleasure to view it until now, and you must coincide with me that it reflects credit on his taste."




## INTRODUCTION TO THE COMIC.

"Massey sakes alive," cried aunt Debby, "what on airth are all those people tearing that bill all to bits for?" Why I will tell you :—

Old Comic Elton has just announced, his Comic for 1854 is out, and the people are so anxious to read the fun, they have not patience enough to wait until the others read it, so they are all determined to have a piece of it at all hazards, and no wonder, for every piece of the Almanac contains fun enough to keep one laughing for an hour at least; and no wonder, for we have laid in a new stock of Mirth, and will distribute it cheerfully to our funny patrons while they have life to enjoy it.

"For care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
And every grin so merry draws one out."

And if our patrons are so unfortunate as not to have food for the stomach, that is no reason why they should not have food for the mind; and we give you the right kind, that is sure to drive away spleen, and make you forget the cares of life during the rest of your days.

We will leave you now in order that you may skim over the surface like a swallow, or plunge in like a goose, and float away on the tide of life.

## KISSING BY RULE

I find there are only three "regular" Kisses, (properly so called,) and these are denominated

The Kiss Negative,
The Kiss Positive, and
The Kiss Superlative.

The first (or negative,) consists in kissing a lady's hand. The second (or positive) consists in kissing her cheek. And the third (or superlative,) consists in kissing her lips.

There are besides, two "auxiliary" Kisses.

The first is the kiss passive; such as is inflicted by old maiden aunts:

And the second is the kiss active. in use (principally) on the clandestine road, *per gilamantie novelli sposi.*



The first (the kiss passive) is generally declined by the kissee, whilst the latter (the kiss active) governs both kissee and kisser in number as well as gender.

Independent of the preceding, "regular" and "auxiliary" kisses, there are a few supernumerary (or irregular) such as

The incidental, or Stage Kiss,
The petty larceny, or Stolen Kiss,
The mutual, or Reciprocity Kiss,
The cooing Kiss, or Kiss a la tourterelle,
The honey-moon Kiss, (invariably encored,)
The mute, or Sighing kiss,
The echo, or Percussion Kiss; and
The barley-sugar Kiss, or Kiss en papillotte. The latter, by the way, is very rarely committed during the season of adolescence or mullebriety, being tolerated chiefly by nursery misses, and exceedingly young ladies who have not quite "outgrown their bibs."

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### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A lady and gentleman travelling in a rail road car to Harlem, previous to their entering the tunnel at Yorkville, a piece of court-plaster was observed on the lady's lips, after the car had passed out, the court-plaster was on the gentleman's mouth.

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You look rather flat, as the Tea-kettle said to the pancake. I would take that as an insult, said the pancake, but I am aware that you have been *steaming* it.



A crowd at a tavern was busy discussing what animal of all others was most contrary; some held that a mule was, some a hog, some a yoke of oxen. A Dutchman, who had very gravely listened to the conversation, gave in his experience. Te mule, de hog, and te ox, is all very stubborn; but te hen is te stubbornest animal in te worlt. I had von vot wanted to hatch some eggs. I make von fine little nest, and put him in it, and she gets up and runs avay. I den makes another leetle nest, and puts her on it, and her runs avay again; I makes one nice leetle box, and puts it all over te hen, and for all de trouble mit I have, ven I peeped under de leetle box te tam hen was setten standin!

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Two loafers met upon the warf the other day, and passed the "compliments of the season." "Jim," said one, "have you seen Hall? he's looking for you." "Hall! what Hall?" was Jim's reply. "Why, Alco-hall you 'ool." "Pshaw," responded Jim, "that's a poor sell, and you wouldn't have caught me if I hadn't been hurt last night when John tripped me up." "John who?" said Bill. "Demi-john, you numskull."

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A little girl had been taught by a Sunday School Teacher, that God made man out of the dust of the earth. The inculcation of this Bible doctrine, seems to have given her mind rather a practical turn, and big with the idea, she addressed her mother on her return from Sabbath School—

"Ma, has God any more dust left?"

"Why, my daughter—why do you ask such a question?"

"Because, if he has, I want him to make me a little brother!"

---

"I've three cents left," said a loafer, "so I'll buy a paper with it."

"What paper will you buy?" said a friend, curious to learn the literary taste of his acquaintance.

"A paper of tobacco," replied the loafer.



**To Chew.** **To Snuff.** **To Smoke.**

EQUINE BONES.—A Yankee tin peddler, having fixed his wagon in a stable noted for the reception of horses as lean as Pharaoh's cows, walked from stem to stern, and discovered the bones on the horses' hips projecting like so many small pyramids. "Mr. Landlord," said he, "do you make horses here?" "Make horses here!" said the surly Dutchman; "what do you mean?" "Why, I thought as how you had just been setting up the frames."

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A LITTER OF YELLOW PIGS.—An ingenious gentleman, who had the marvellous gift of shaping a great many things out of an orange-peel, was displaying his abilities at a dinner-party before Theo. Hook and Mr. Thos. Hill, and succeeded in counterfeiting a pig to the admiration of the company. Mr. Hill tried the same feat; and after destroying and strewing the table with the peel of a dozen oranges, gave it up, with the exclamation, "Hang the pig! I *can't* make him." "Nay, Hill," exclaimed Hook, glancing at the mess on the table, "you have done more; instead of one pig, you have made a *litter*."

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CUT THROATS.—Those uncomfortable stiff collars in which fashion imprisons men's necks, are called by the Germans, vater-mördern (father murderers) from a legend of a student who returned from his University with such a stiff pair, that, on embracing his governor, they cut the old gentleman's throat.

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LOVE WORKS WONDERS.

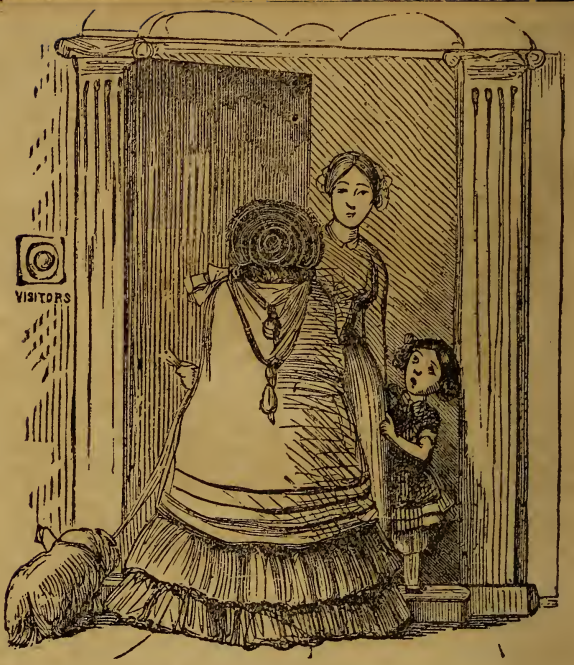
A lady having written, folded, and sealed a *billet-doux*, tripped away to the post-office at Baltimore. Her mind being engrossed in imagining the delight the fond object she had addressed would experience in receiving her communication, caused her to make a slight mistake; she dropped the letter unconsciously on the foot-path, and posted herself! nor did she discover her error until the post-master asked, when about to stamp her, whether she was *double* or *single!*

*The American Militia.—"In time of Peace prepare for War."*



The militia is the bone and grizzle of the country. It locks, bolts, and bars the gates of creation and stands sentinel on the tallest ramparts of nature's dominions.—This republic would be a miserable consarn, but for the militia. It keeps the ardent sperrits of military effulgence in a glow of Icelandic ferverosity. I'm attached to it myself. I think it's rich. The system *can't* be bettered. Folks call it a farce. I don't see nothing. It's a plaguy solemn piece of buzziness when you come to back down to the naked reality on't. 'Taint every body that can put on the regimentalities, and look like old Mars, the god of War, with a decided touch of Julius Junius Ceazeher thrown in for effect. No, Sir-ee; there an't no bigger or more important critter afloat than a live militia ossifer, all rigged in the full cantonments of glory, with stripes on his breachelons, epeletts piled upon both shoulders, brass buttons from head tew foot, silver stars shining in the tails of his coat, a cap and plume on his head, and a drawn sword in his hand. Such a site is enuff to make fallen man and woman think better of his specie! 'Tis, indeed! I believe the preluscent delurium of this destined republic is centered in the militia. It can't stand without it. With it, its proud motto is, *Divided we stand, united we fall!* (Loud cheers.) Stop cheering! you put me all out. General Washington belonged to the militia; so did Sipio Africane-us: so did Boneypart; so did that old Wizzigon, that ravished all Europe, and burnt its fences and stone walls; and so, also sodgers, do *I!* I believe if all outdoors should burst through the parafornalie of the animal economy, and slide down the greased planks of ancestral delinquency ker-slump into the broad Savannars of this smilin' land of asses' milk and untamed honey, that nothing astir could poot 'em out but the militia! That ar' a fact. Three cheers for the militia in general, and the 9999th regiment in pertickler. Sodgers! ground arms! Who's afraid? What's Mexico, Kaliforniko, and Origon? Who's afraid of *them?* Sodgers, the mortal 9999th can thrash the life out of that ar' yallar half Spanish varmint, that Mexico, afore breakfast. Our motto is, *Liberty and death, now and for ever, one and inseperable!* Wooray for Mexas! Down with Texico. Now let's liquor!






Mrs. Smith,—"Is Mrs. Brown in?"

Jane.—"No, Mem; she's not at Home."

Little Girl.—"Oh! what a Horrid Story, Jane! Mar's in the Kitchen, helping Cook!"

## THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

"I wish you would give me that gold ring on your finger," said a village dandy to a country girl, "for it resembles the duration of my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," said she; "I choose to keep it, for it is likewise emblematical of mine for you—it has no beginning."

## SHOOTING MADE EASY.

Two passengers coming down the Mississippi in a steamboat, were amusing themselves with shooting birds on shore from the deck. Some sporting converse ensued. One remarked that he would turn his back to no man in killing raccoons—that he had repeatedly shot fifty a-day. "What o' that," said a Kentuckian. "I make nothing of killing a hundred 'coon a day, or'nary luck." "Do you know Captain Scott of our state?" asked a Tennessean bystander; "he now is something like a shot. A hundred 'coon! why he never pints at one without hitting him. He never misses, and the 'coons know it. T' other day he leveled at an old 'un in a high tree; the varmint looked at him a minute, and then bawled out, 'Halloo. Cap'n Scott! is that you?' 'Yes,' was the reply. 'Well, pray don't shoot, I'll come down to you—I'll give in—I'm dead beat.'"

## THE CHARITY BALL.

Having purchased a ticket for a Charity Ball, you are deluded by the promise of a pretty Partner to waltz, and are victimized as above.





**Flowers of Spring.**

FRIGHTFUL DEPRAVITY.

A wild young gentleman having married a very discreet, virtuous, young lady, the better to reclaim him, she caused it to be given out at his return, that she was dead, and had been buried. In the meantime she had so placed herself in disguise so as to be able to observe how he took the news; and finding him still the gay, inconstant man he always had been, she appeared to him as the ghost of herself, at which he seemed not at all dismayed: at length, disclosing herself to him, he then appeared pretty much surprised. A person by said, "Why, sir, you seem more afraid now than before!" "Aye," replied he, "most men are more afraid of a living wife than of a dead one."

CROOKED WORDS.

A poor man who had a termagant wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last word, told her. "If she spoke one more crooked word, he'd beat her brains out." "Why then, ram's-horns, you rogue," said she, "if I die for it."

A RUINED BOOT.

A gentleman whose misfortune it was to have a club-foot, which rendered him lame, was walking through a street in a small town, when he met with one of those harmless idiots of whom there is at least one in every town or village. The gait of the gentleman attracted the sympathizing notice of the natural, who stopped and said, "Ye're lame, I think." "Aye," replied the gentleman, "very lame." "Ah, man," says the poor fool, "that's a pity—it spoils the boot!"

TO SAVE BUTTER.

Make it so salt that nobody can eat it.

**Amusement**



**For Summer Nights.**

## RING-ING A BELL.



What is it, besides little boys, that ought to be seen and not heard?
Policemen.

Why is the poorest inhabitant of the Metropolis comparatively rich?
Because, he is a Capitalist.

Why are the much abused Peter Funk's all godly men?
Because, whenever they meet a stranger, they always *take him in*.



TWO SUCKERS.

A short time since, we received an order for "2 *sam bux*." We puzzled our brains some time without understanding the meaning thereof, and returned it for an explanation. The writer was very much astonished that it could not be understood.

"Why," said he, "it is as plain as day; 2 *s a m*, psalm, *b u x*, books." This explained the mystery



*Patient*—"Do dear doctor, give me some advice as soon as you possibly can."

*Doctor*.—"Why, what is the nature of the complaint?"

*Patient*—"Doctor, I really believe I have swallowed a mouse."

*Doctor*.—"Then my friend, you had better swallow a cat, and that will catch the mouse."

No doubt our readers will admit that such advice is *very good at a pinch*.



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There is a story about a scythe so sharp, that when hung upon a limb of an apple tree in the sun, a man's foot was cut off by its shadow! Fact—and now the world may know what Shakespeare meant by his "shadows to-night," which struck such terror to the "soul of Richard." Deidrick Knickerbocker tells us, that a glance of the sun's rays from the luminous proboscis of Governor Stuyvesant's trumpeter, once killed a mighty sturgeon in the Hudson, and this is quite as probable,—none, we presume, will doubt the fact.

## MATRIMONIAL ANECDOTE.

The Rev. Mr. G——, a respectable cleryman in the interior of the state, relates the following anecdote :—

A couple came to him to be married, and after the knot was tied, the bridegroom addressed him with—"How much you ax, Mister ?"

"Why," replied the clergyman, "I generally take whatever is offered me Sometimes more and sometimes less—I leave it to the bridegroom."

"Yes, but how much do you ax I say ?" repeated the happy man.

"I have just said," returned the clergyman, "that I left it to the decision of the bridegroom ; some give me ten dollars, some five, some three, some two, some one, and some only a quarter of a one"

"A quarter, ha ?" said the bridegroom ; "wal, that's as reasonable as a body could ax. Let me see, I've got the money." He took out his pocket-book—there was no money there ; he fumbled in all his pockets, but not a sixpence could he find. "Dang it," said he, "I thought I had some money with me, but I recollect now 'twas in my 'tother trowsers pocket. Hetty, have ye not got sich a thing as two shillings about ye ?"

"Me !" said the bride, with a mixture of shame and indignation ; "I'm astonished at ye, to come here to be married without a cent of money to pay for it ! If I'd known it afore, I would'nt a come a step wid ye ; you might have gone alone to be married for all me."

"Yes, but consider, Hetty," said the bridegroom, in a soothing tone, "we're married now, and it can't be helped ; if you've got sich a thing as a couple of shillings."

"Here, take 'em," interrupted the angry bride, who, during this speech, had been searching in her work-bag ; "and don't you," said she, with a significant motion of her finger, "don't you never serve me another sich a trick."

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## JENNY LIND AND THE STUDENTS.

At a certain German town, there was a tremendous *furor* about Jenny Lind, who, after driving the whole place mad, left it on her travels early one morning. The moment her carriage was outside the gates, a pack of rampant students, who had escorted it, rushed back to the inn, demanded to be shown Jenny's bed-room, and swept like a whirlwind up stairs into the room indicated to them, tore up the sheets, and wore them in strips as decorations. An hour or two afterwards, a bald old gentleman of amiable appearance, an Englishman, who was staying in the hotel, came to breakfast at the *table d' hote*, and was observed to be much disturbed in his mind, and to show great terror whenever a student came near him. At last he said, in a low voice, to some who came near him at table, "You are English, gentlemen, I observe ? Most extraordinary people, these German students ; as a body, raving mad, gentlemen." "Oh no," said somebody ; "only excitable, but very good fellows, and very sensible." "By heavens sir !" returned the old gentleman, still more disturbed, "then there's something political in it, and I am a marked man. I went out for a little walk this morning, after shaving, and while I was gone"—he fell into a terrible perspiration as he told it—"they burst into my bed-room, tore up my sheets, and are now patrolling the town in all directions with bits of 'em in their button-holes." In the confusion the students had gone in the wrong room.

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THREE FISH FOR DINNER.—"Now, waiter, what's to pay ?" "What have you had, sir ?" "Three fish." "Only brought up two, sir." "No, three ; I had two mackerel and one *smelt*."

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When does a Judge contemplate employing rogues ? When he takes them on trial.



THE PLAIN COOK.

'Mind, young woman, I don't allow any Beaux or Cousins"

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## SONG OF THE MAID-OF-ALL-WORK

An active maid-of-all-work I,
  Accustom'd wooden floors to scrub,
Can roast a joint or make a pie,
  Have no objection to the tub;
Am of a sentimental turn,
  Detest the busy heartless crowd.
The tales of love I proudly spurn,
  And wish "no followers allow'd."

For honey'd words I do not care,
  They throw no magic spell around me,
But for propriety so rare
  My tea and sugar must be found me:
Of love I never felt the flame,
  To say it I may well be proud,
The candle ends I always claim,
  When I've "no followers allow'd."

Gadding out with Beaux to treat,
  No missus e'er will find me tripping,
Unto myself I always keep,
  I, by-the-by, expect the dripping:
I've often turn'd in scorn aside
  When milkmen have affection vow'd,
And I have said with honest pride
  "There ar'nt no followers allow'd."



One Swallow don't make a Spring, nor does a large moustache and a slouched hat make a Kossuth, if it did, it would make beggars of us all

---

A buck, while being measured for a pair of boots, observed :—"Make them cover the calf." "Heavens!" exclaimed the astounded shoemaker, surveying his customer from head to foot. "I have not leather enough."



ELLEN.—"Oh, don't tease me to-day, Charley; I'm not at all Well!?"
CHARLEY.—(*a Man of the World.*)—"I tell you What it is, Cousin—the fact is, You are in Love! Now, You take the Advice of a Fellow who has seen a good Deal of that Sort of Thing, and don't give Way to it!"

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I'VE DONE THE SAME THING OFTEN.—A Mr. John Smith, who is described, evidently not without reason, as a "fast" talker, gave the following description of the blowing up of a steamboat on the Mississippi, which is recorded in a New York paper of recent date:—"I had landed at Helena for a minute to drop some letters into the Post-office, when all of a sudden I heard a tremendous explosion, and looking up saw that the sky was for a minute darkened with arms, legs, and other small bits and scraps of my fellow travelers. Amongst an uncommonly ugly medley I spied the second clerk, about one hundred and fifty feet above my own level. I recognized him at once, for ten minutes before I had been sucking a sherry-cobbler with him out of the same rummer. Well, I watched him. He came down through the roof of a shoemaker's shop, and landed on the floor close by the shoemaker, who was at work. The clerk, being in a hurry, jumped up to go to the assistance of the other sufferers, when the 'man of wax' demanded five hundred dollars for the damage done to his roof. 'Too high,' replied the clerk: 'never paid more than two hundred and fifty dollars in my life, *and I've done the same thing often.*'"

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NON-INTERVENTION.—A principle that cannot be too strongly recommended in all matrimonial wars.



*"STILL HARPING ON MY DAUGHTER."*

## LOVE AND MUSIC.

If Music were the food of Love, as it is said to be, every prudent person would marry for love, though it is not easy to imagine ourselves eating with our ears; nor can one, without some difficulty, fancy one's self breakfasting off an overture, lunching on a ballad, dining on a symphony, and taking tea, or supping off a polka or a fugue. Most of us would also think it very odd if we were asked whether we should like a few crotchets for dinner.

## CHILD'S DISSOLVING VIEWS.

That rubbing his cheeks with the cat's tail will promote the growth of whiskers.

That pigeon's milk is a marketable commodity.

That strap-oil is good for sharpening penknives.

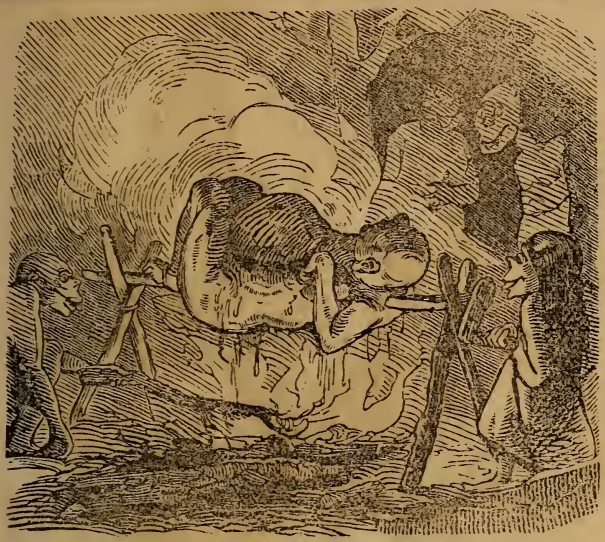
That School is the happiest time of his life.



Mr. Goliah Starvemouse being a wide-awake kind of an individual, and being always anxious to make an honest penny, and having a desire to reinforce his empty pockets, and having learned that there is money to be made in other diggings than California, starts on a journey as a missionary to the Cannibal Islands. His first Sermon and Stump Speech to the Chiefs Blow-my-nose-off-do, Shut-your-eye-open-tight, and Break-all-your-bones-oh. He inflates them with the spirit divine, and spirit of wine, and invites them to Gotham.



The Chiefs hold a Council and argue the point, whether to swallow his Sermon, or to swallow him; they conclude on the latter mode of disposing of him. Goliah being a very spare man, they make up their minds to put him in eating order.



He is consequently fattened up, and done brown, as they say at Bweeny's, turned over.



The Chiefs having partaken of their sumptuous feast, they discuss as to the manner of disposing of his wardrobe.

---

Naval Tactics.—A captain of the navy, one of the old school, being at a ball, had been accepted by a beautiful partner, a lady of fortune, who, in the most delicate manner possible, hinted to him the propriety of putting on a pair of gloves. "Oh!" was the elegant reply; "never mind me, ma'am: I shall wash my hands when I've done dancing."



The Chief Blow-my-nose-off-do, who superintended the cooking department, conceives an idea that he should rule the roast in this affair, takes the responsibility, and clothes himself in full power to wear the togs.

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MEMORY.—A country clergyman meeting a neighbor who never came to church, although an old fellow of above sixty, he gave him some reproof on that account, and asked him if he never read at home? "No," replied the countryman, "I can't read." "I dare say," said the parson, "you don't know who made you." "Not I," said the countryman. A little boy coming by at the same time, "Who made you, child?" said the parson. The boy answered correctly. "Why, look you there," quoth the honest clergyman; "are not you ashamed to hear a child of five or six years old tell me who made him, when you, that are so old a man, cannot?" "Ah!" said the countryman, "it is no wonder that he should remember—he was made but t'other day; it is a great while, master, sin' I was made."

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A YANKEE PREACHER ON PREDESTINATION.—Let us, for argument's sake, grant that I, the Rev. Elder Sprightly, am foreordained to be drowned in the river at Smith's ferry, next Thursday morning, at twenty minutes after ten o'clock; and suppose I know it; and suppose I am a free, moral, voluntary, accountable agent—do you think I am going to be drowned? I should rather guess not! I should stay at home; and you'll never ketch the Rev. Elder Sprightly at Smith's ferry, no how—nor near the river neither.



NORTH AND SOUTH, OR FREEDOM AND SLAVERY.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE BANK.—Vat you say, sare? Vill you read, sare? Vis dis not ten dollars yours, sare. Vill you not pay de l'argent, sare—de silvare, de gold. de coppare?" "We have suspended, sir, and do not redeem our notes in coin." "Suspende! what dat, hang by the neck like one dam thieving dog? Oh, no, sare, you deceive me. sare. By Gar, I vill shoot you mit de pistole, de gun, de cannon, sare—eh? Vill you pay de l'argent?" "No, Mr. Trompe, we cannot redeem the note now, but will when other banks pay theirs." "Ven de other banks pay deirs, sare? By Gar, de oder banque say de same, sare. Ven you pay yours, sare. Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, de la monie—de silvare, gold, coppare, l'argent, sare. I will be revenge, sare. Look here: I tear the dam billet note in little piece—I spit on him—I chew him—you lose your dam note, sare—I am revenge—I am revenge—am, by Gar, revenge. So saying, the Frenchman walked out of the bank with the imperial air of a Napoleon.

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What a Dutchman thought about it. "Honesty is the best policy, put den it keeps a man tam poor!"



One that knows, and has been a sufferer, has given to the world a pamphlet entitled "A Peep into Catherine Street; or, Dry Good Dealers and Shopping Ladies shown up, and all the Secrets of the Trade exposed." We heartily recommend its perusal to our female admirers, and that includes all Petticoatdom. The shaving, cheating and humbugging of the trade on the one hand, and the careless indifference of their customers on the other is fairly matched. The motto of the work is,

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat."

A certain class of Females, we cannot call them Ladies, are handled without mittens, and if all parties will get the work and carefully peruse it, they will derive both instruction and amusement. For the benefit of our country cousins we would remark that an order, per post, enclosing one DIME, will cause the work to be forwarded to them, if sent to our publisher, 90 Nassau Street.

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*Schoolmistress.*—"You see, my love, if I puncture this India-rubber ball, it will collapse. Do you understand?"

*Child.*—"O yes, I understand.—If you prick it, it will go squash."

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A short man became attached to a very tall woman, and somebody said that he had fallen in love with her. "Do you call it falling in love?" said an old bachelor, "it is more like climbing up to it."

---

"A gintleman," said an Irishman one day, "is one that never earned a ha'porth for himself or any one belonging to him."





*Illustrated with Cuts, as the Boy said when he drew a Jack-knife across his Grammar.*

*An Honor to his Mother.*—"John," inquired a dominie of a hopeful pupil, "what is a nailer?" "A man who makes nails," said John. "Very good. What is a tailor?" "One who makes tails." "O, you stupid fellow," said the dominie, biting his lips, "a man who makes tails?" "Yes, master," returned John, "if the tailor did not put tails to the coats he made, they would be all *jackets!*" "Sit down, John, you're an honor to your maternal parent."

*An Out-side Passenger.*--A man with a tremendous long mouth went to a dentist to have a tooth extracted. On opening his ponderous jaws the Doctor remarked—"That he need not do it so wide as he prefered standing on the outside to perform the operation."

"Maybe smoking is offensive to some of you," said an inveterate smoker as he entered one of the ferry-boats. "Yes, yes," immediately responded a dozen voices. "Well," said the enquirer, immediately placing his segar in his mouth and puffing away for dear life "'Tis to some folks."

*A Hit.*—"My father is richer than yours," said a boy to his companion the other day.

"How do you know?" was the reply.

"Because my father says, your father pays for everything when he buys it, while my father never pays anybody, but keeps his money to shave notes with."



*Ice Cream by Steam*, as they say in Chatham street.
*I scream by Steam*, as the Whistle said to the Locomotive.

IF YOU SPEAK TO MY WIFE I'LL KNOCK YOU DOWN.



## JONES, SMITH AND ROBINSON GOES TO A BALL

*This drawing represents Mr. Jones at the moment when he was undecided as to which of that row he would ask to dance.*



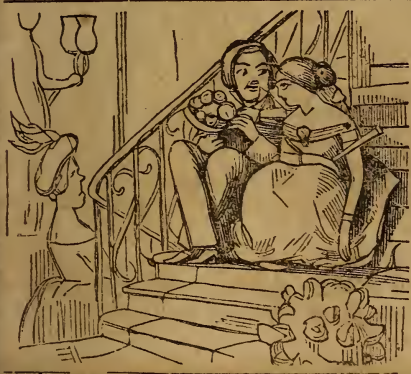
Is discovered by the mother of Miss Verbenia, who thinks him a very nice young man.



Is introduced to Miss Verbenia and dances many quadrilles, polkas, &c.



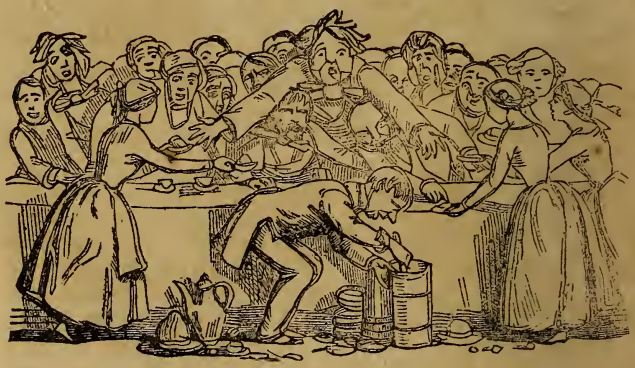
Robinson beholds Jones polking, and oh! how he wishes he had the courage to do it.



She being very much fatigued, Jones sets with her upon the stairs, because the coolness is so delicious—Jones is entirely carried away! he never met such a lady in his life. Thoughts of future happiness flirted through his brain; he thinks Miss Verbenia reciprocates his feeling.



Robinson is here seen, not only amusing himself, but causing amusement for others. He cuts so many pigeon-wings, and makes so many beautiful attitudes, that the ladies all admire him, and the gentlemen are a little jealous, but think it best to ridicule him; he (Robinson) sees no one but himself.



Frantic behavior of Robinson after the eighth quadrille; he rushes into the saloon, gets over the heads of the people and dives head first into the Ice-Cream Can.



Poor Jones, after all his happy thoughts, has the partner of his affections carried off by a Heavy Dragoon; he (Jones) hates the world from that moment, and thinks of the best mode of ending his miserable existence. Hanging, shooting and drowning, come to his mind, but are all rejected for the more easy one of starving; he thinks again, and concludes there is as good fish in the sea as ever was caught, and resolves to go to supper.



Jones is here seen at supper; he indulges very freely in all the good things, particularly the champaign, and makes some remarks not very complimentary to the Dragoon, which some kind friend of Jones thinks it his duty to inform the Dragoon.



The Heavy Dragoon finds Jones in a very bad condition, and intimates he will have satisfaction, at which Jones gets somewhat frightened; the Dragoon takes him by the coat collar and shakes an apology out of him. He goes home and resolves to remain a bachelor all his life. Smith went home early.

---

Graduated Justice.—In a certain village, in Pennsylvania, where the footsteps of Dame Justice were last seen on the earth, on a warm summer's day, three men were brought before a fair, round Dutch Magistrate, accused of the crime of drunkenness. His honor having premised with a hearty swig of cool punch, began with the first —

"You rascal! pe you kilty, or pe you not kilty?"

*Prisoner.* "Guilty."

*Justice.* "Vat you get trunk on?"

*Pris.* "Blackstrap."

*Jus* "Vat! you get trunk on notting but blackstrap, you willian, you! Den, dis pe mine everlasting sentence, dat you pe fined 40 shillings."

The second culprit being questioned in like manner, as to his guilt or innocence, likewise answered guilty.

*Jus.* "Now tell me, you wile, drunken rascal! vat you get trunk on?"

*Pris.* "Sling."

*Jus.* "Vat! you get trunk on sling, you graceless wagabone! you swillin' sod, you! Den I give my darnal sentence, dat you pe fined 20 shillings."

The third and last prisoner was now brought forward, and like the others, plead guilty.

*Jus.* "Vat you get trunk on?"

*Pris.* "Punch."

*Jus.* "Ah! you dipplin' rogue, you! I fines you shust notting at all, vor I gets trunk on punch mineself, sometimes."

---

One of the young "school-marms," who recently went to Oregon, to engage in the duties of her vocation, thus writes to her friends at home:

"A panther was killed last week, near my school-room, measuring seven feet from the tip of the ears to the extremity of the tail, and seven back again, making fourteen feet in all." Smart "School-marm" that.



*A SOUTHERN PLANTER.*

CANDID.—"You've visited my daughter a long time," said an anxious mother, to a young gentleman of our acquaintance the other day, "what are your intentions, sir."

"Honorable, entirely so," said the gentleman, "I intend 'backing out' as coachmen say."

"You do, do you? backing out, ha! and pray sir, what may be your reason for deceiving the poor girl in that way?"

"I have several," said our friend.

"Well *name* one, if you *can*, you imp of Satan—you little-waisted, knocked-kneed, pale-faced, no whiskered dolt—you *thing*, you scrap you—"

"Your daughter," said he, interrupting her, "don't wear her *bustle* right. I have seen it one-sided. Her dress-maker tells me she is padded in a dozen places, and wears two pair of stays—her false teeth don't stay in well, and she puts castor oil on her wig. Madam, I can't stand such carelessness—you'll let me off now, I reckon."

The old woman did let him off, for in two minutes she and her daughter were seen streaking it down street probably to tear out the eyes of the dress-maker.



*"Ma, do you know the reason why Horses do not wear Hats?"*

*"No, my dear."*

*"Because it would give them a Hoss-tile appearance."*

## A CHAGERASS JACKASS DEPOSITING A GOLD HUNTER IN A MORASS.

*" My hies is this the Pacific*



## NEHEMIAH'S OPINION OF THE GOLD FEVER.

Well. I swow, now, did you ever?
Gracious! what on airth's tew pay?
All the folks are gittin' crazy,
Sure as shootin' up our way.
Dad from morn to night is dreamin'
All about this yaller gold,
Like a man that's lost his senses,
(Lord! the half 'haint yet been told.)

You may ask him any question,
On health, business, church or state,
Gold! gold! gold! will be his answer,
(Don't you ralely think its great?)
Granny sits and reads the papers
With eyes big as sarsers tew,
Swollering all the golden stories,
Just as though 'twas sartin true.

'Tother night she read about a
Man who's in the "diggins" seen,
Tradin' fifty thousand dollars,
For a plate of pork and beans!
Jehu! you'd a died a laughin',
Jist to seen her stare at ma,
Drop the paper she was holdin',
And exclaim aloud,—"oh la!"

Then there's Brother Ben goes strollin'
All about the farm so queer,
Ralely you would think that somethin'
Orful had been hap'nin' here.
Round he goes a sayin', somethin'
To himself that can't be told,
Thinkin every stun he meets with,
Is a solid lump of gold!

Lord-a-massa, why will people
Act so pesky strange and queer,
'Cause they've found a little gold dust
'Tother end of sundown near.
O, it seems too tarnal foolish,
For some folks to rave and tear
All about this California,
When they've gold at home to spare.

Gold in Californy's diggings?
'Spose they have diskivered some,
Haint we got it all around us,
Without going away from hum?
Turn these medders into diggins,
Let the spade and pleow be seen,
Goin' it like all creation,'
Through the pastures fresh and green

Till the sile! Guy! that's the ticket,
California gold be darned,
Let 'em off for them ar diggins,
Who 'aint yet true wisdom larn'd.
Out into the fields of natur',
Where the trees wave tew and fro,
Where the little birds are singin,
All the pretty tunes they know

Every hill of taturs planted
Won't each prove a golden mine?
Every crop of wheat ye gather,
All the gold dust far outshine?
Are ye raley all so verdant,
That ye can't tell which is which?
'Aint there no place but them diggins,
Where a body can get rich?

O it is a blasted pity
Thus to throw one's self away,
And I sometimes feel like weepin'
When around the farm I stray.
Dad 'aint no ways the same feller,
That he used to be, I vow,
And our Ben, oh Sancho Panzy!
You would'nt know him any how.

Well, I 'spose 'taint no use cryin'
Over spilt milk now-a-days,
Folks will do just as they choose tew
Never minding what one says.
They may run to Californy,
Crazy mortals, I don't kere,
But they don't ketch me agoin',
I can dig enough up here.



What the thunderation! can be the matter with my pipe its always drawn well until now, its them 'ere dod raddit young 'uns, they been making bubbles and filled the old pipe full of soap, any how I'll soap em for it, next time I catch hold of the blasted varmints, nothing goes good with me in these Choleric times, I've drank brandy enough to float a man of war, and yet somehow or other, my head don't feel right by a long shot. There's Father Mathew, a jolly looking old cock, I'm half a mind to take the pledge. Wonder if he'd treat if I did.





## HARDLY NECESARE.

Be still you naughty childens! pulling poor mommy's capens off her poor headens, if eu donens be stillens, I'll whipens youse little bottens for yousens, top now I tellens, if eu dosens I'll call the *old black sweepens* to take childen's offens!

---

An absent-minded gentleman, on retiring at night, put his dog to bed and kicked himself down stairs! He did not discover his mistake till he went to yelp, and the dog tried to snore

---

"Good morning, neighbor Brooks; a fine rain we have had." "Yes, neighbor, delightful." "If it comes warm after this, we shall have every thing starting out of the ground directly." "Heaven forbid—I have *two wives* under it."



Guns and bludgeons! Smoke and thunder! you ought to have seen how all the people riz for liberty! it was like the mountains rolling down hill, or a hundred dogs a barking at a fisherman's wheelbarrow! There was the tallest swearing that ever you heered amongst the sons of liberty, for the world was beginning to be regenerated, and all them that had any thing in their money bags was tarnally frightened. "Come on," says one bold commander — "Come on and die for the liberties of the people." Then I marched to the field to the tune of Marseilles, and carried off a copper kettle, two bed quilts, and a new silk gown from the enemy.

## RAW.

By gingo! this ere is what they call the great city o' York. I'll own something here. I wonder how much they would ask me for about a dozen acres o'nt.

"I say, husband, if you don't get rid of that nasty dog I'll leave the house. It's a perfect nuisance. Just you go and look at the dirt."

"O, Sally, dear, I've sold Bully for ten dollars!"

"You don't say so! Well, that's the best piece of news I've heard this many a day. But have you got your money?"

Oh yes! all right—I took *two pups*, at five dollars each!"

A dandy is a chap that would
Be a young lady, if he could;
But as he can't does all he can
To show the world he's not a man.



## THE SPORTSMAN AT FAULT.



Wall now this beats all natur, if it don't, I'm blem'd.

Git eout! you all-fired darned imperent thing you! jist now as I got a sight at yer, and was ready to blow you inter tarnal smash, you for come, for to go, to light on my shooting gun. Here you lazy varmint! you Towze! why in the name of thunder and darnation don't you bark at this animal and make him go off a little farther, so as to let me have a shot at the reprobate. The dod rotted sarcy brute, yer like my aunt in the country, yer aint any great things.

## WAITING FOR THE STEAMER AT PANAMA.



"Oh where? and oh where is my Steamer gone too."

If this darned ocean warn't so Pacific, I'd kick up an all fired row, for I feel awful woolfish, here we boys have been waiting months to get conveyance to California. Talk about gold placers! I reckon we've got placed in a placer where our gold slides away like snow in an April sun, and there's poor Dick Rover, spent his last dollar, gambled away his cover-me-decentlies, don't he look doloreous, he aint jolly at all! don't know how well he's off, in this warm climate, his ward robe would not stand him to go a courting in, on Valentine's day in York. No, Sir-ee.



Old Gent.—"You see, my Dear, that the Earth turns on its own Axis, and makes one Revolution round the Sun each Year."

Young Revolver.—"Then, Pa, Does France turn on its own Axis when it makes its Revolutions?"

Old Gent.—"No, my Dear, it turns on its Bayonets. However, that's not a Question in Astronomy."

---

Fathers and Sons.—Theophilus Cibber begged his father one day to let him have a hundred dollars, which would make him perfectly easy in his affairs. "It is very strange," said Colley, "that you can't live upon your salary, your benefit, and other advantages. When I was of your age, I never spent any of my father's money." "Perhaps not," answered the son; "but I am sure you have spent a great many hundred dollars of *my* father's money."

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**Democratic.**



**Aristocratic.**

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Metaphysical.—Why is the inside of everything unintelligible? Because, we can't make it out.



## BAR ELOQUENCE.

*Gentlemen of the Jury*,—You are met here on one of the most solemn occasions that ever happened since I have practised at the bar. The defendant, the gentleman with specks, being an able bodied man, rushed like an assassin upon my client, who is a frail young widow; and why did not the Thunder of Heaven blast him when he stooped towards her, stretched forth his arms like the forked lightnings of Jupiter, and gave her a kiss on the mouth.

---

A husband and wife, traveling through the woods in haste, met with a melancholy accident, which is recorded in the following felicitous strain :—

And while retreating through the woods,
And through the tangled fern,
He tore his must-n't-mention-'ems,
And had to put on hern!

---

To cure palpitation of the heart, procure a young woman—alive! and having ascertained the region of her heart, press the organ closely against your own, until the pain ceases. Where serious information is to be apprehended, it is well to cover it with some thin mouselin de laine, or other light fabric. For regimen, use cooling drinks and moonlight—about half and half.

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NONCHALENCE.—An Englishman is not only fond of seeing sights, but he is also fond of expressing himself in his own peculiar and independent style. A Cockney applied, when at Berlin, to the lord-marechal to present him to the king, Frederick the Great. His lordship told him that it was not such an easy matter, and that many great noblemen had been refused. "Faith," said the Englishman, "It is not that I care much about it; but as I have already seen five kings, I should have been glad to make up the half dozen."

A SCENE AT THE OPERA.



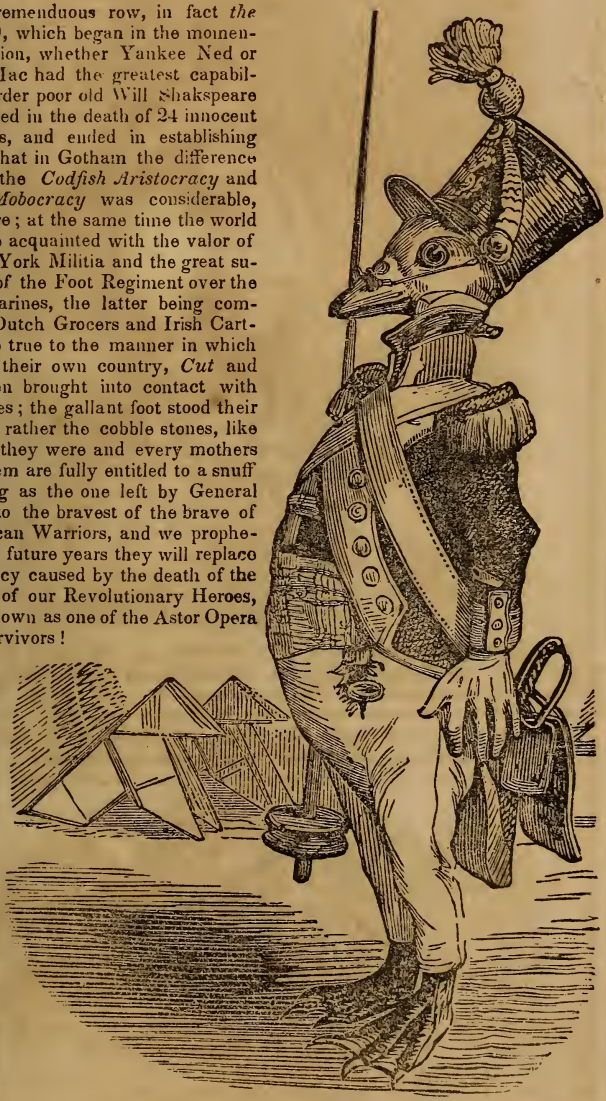

HAVING BEEN INVITED BY YOUR COUSIN FROM THE COUNTRY TO VISIT THE OPERA, AND DURING THE PERFORMANCE HE FALLS ASLEEP, AND ARE STARED OUT OF COUNTENANCE BY A NUMBER OF PUPPIES WITH OPERA GLASSES.

# UPROAR HOUSE'!!

## OR THE GREAT NATIONAL QUARREL.

*Between Twedleum and Tumtweedle.*

This tremendnous row, in fact *the* row of '49, which began in the momentary question, whether Yankee Ned or English Mac had the greatest capability to murder poor old Will Shakspeare and resulted in the death of 24 innocent individuals, and ended in establishing the fact, that in Gotham the difference between the *Codfish Aristocracy* and *Catfish Mobocracy* was considerable, if not more; at the same time the world was made acquainted with the valor of the New York Militia and the great superiority of the Foot Regiment over the Horse Marines, the latter being composed of Dutch Grocers and Irish Cartmen, who true to the manner in which they left their own country, *Cut* and *Run* when brought into contact with the rowdies; the gallant foot stood their ground or rather the cobble stones, like heroes as they were and every mothers son of them are fully entitled to a snuff box as big as the one left by General Jackson to the bravest of the brave of our Mexican Warriors, and we prophecy that in future years they will replace the vacancy caused by the death of the *very last* of our Revolutionary Heroes, and be known as one of the Astor Opera House survivors!



N. B There is a peculiar work called Cupid's Own—full of Love Songs and Pictures to match, to be had at Old Comic Elton's, 90 Nassau Street, only 37½ cents;—nuf sed.




The Demon of Speculation taking his Victims over the Rocky Mountains, to find gold in heaps and to die from starvation and to leave their bones to whiten on the golden sands of the Sacramento.

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A shoemaker may be considered as entirely done up, who is compelled to pawn his boot-trees—for he has evidently come to his *last* legs.

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*A Californian Jew-ry*

## COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.



"Sam, does your mother ever give you any rewards of merit?"

"I spose she does, she gives me a lick-en regularly every day, and says I merit two.

---

"I say captain," said a little keen-eyed man, as he landed from the steamer Potomac, at Natches. "I say captain, this here ain't all.' "Them's all the plunder you brought on board anyhow." "Well see now, I grant it's O K, accordin' to the list—4 boxes, 3 chests, 2 ban'boxes, a portmanty, 2 hams, 1 part cut, 3 ropes o' inyans and a tea-kettle; but you see, captain, I'm dubersome, I feel there's somethin' short.—Though I've counted 'em over nine times an never took my eyes off 'em while on board—there's somethin' not right, somehow." "Well, stranger, time's up; them's all I know on; so just fetch your wife an' five children out of the cabin, as I'm off." "Them's 'em! darn it, them's 'em! I know'd I'd forgot somethin'!"

---

Speaking of guns—reminds us of powder. We saw a lady in the city, with so much of it on her face, that she was refused admission into an omnibus for fear of an explosion.

---

QUEER MISTAKE.

One of our exchange papers has got a totally queer blunder, for which the printer ought to be well scrubbed down.—The caption line, 'THRO' BY DAYLIGHT,' which ought to have been at the head of a steamboat advertisement, is stuck over a "Brandreth's Pills."



*Misses Sippy*

Why is a country dance like an emetic?
Because, its down the middle and up again.





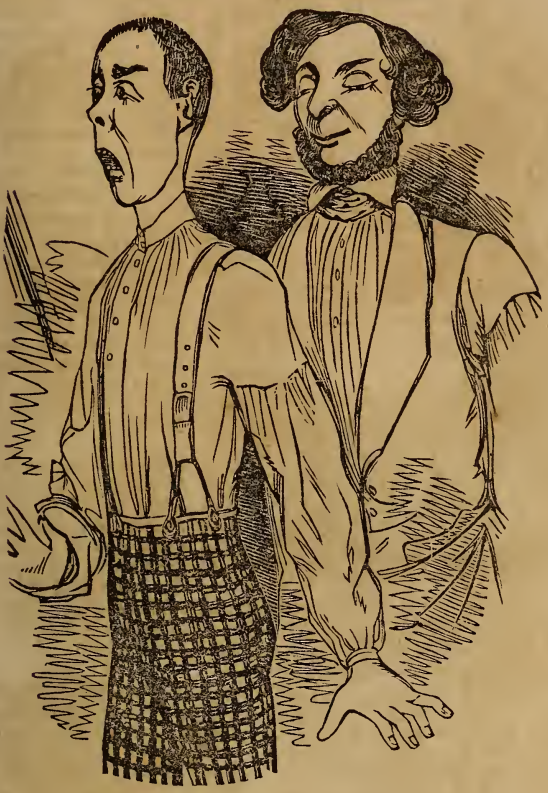
RATHER SQUALLY

A good story is told of a rough captain, in a storm, who, when the terrified passengers persuaded him to petition Heaven for a cessation of the tempest, preferred the following brief request: "Oh Lord! I haven't been in the habit of calling upon thee often; and if you'll shift the wind from sou'-west to a little more sou', I won't trouble you again."

---

A long-legged Yankee, on visiting a menagerie for the first time, while stalking round the pavilion, suddenly came on the elephant; whereupon he turned to the keeper, and said with surprise: "Thunder and lightnin', mister, what darned critter have ye got here, with a TAIL ON BOTH EENDS?"

## RATHER SHORT



*Barber.*—"Is that short enough, sir?" "Short enough? why it looks as if it was drove in, instead of being cut off!"

*Barber.*—"How did you want it cut, sir?" "Why with the shears! it looks now as if it was cut with a knife and fork!"

---

Mr. S. a *tailor*, having eloped with Mrs. P., the wife of a *barber*, a person wondered what *attractions* she possessed to *draw* the tailor so powerfully towards her. "Surely, (says a wag present) it is very easy to account for the junction of the *needle* with the *pole*"

---

### QUESTIONS FOR THE LONGEST DAY

1. If 20 grains make a scruple, how many will make a *doubt*?
2. If 8 miles make a fur long, how many will make a short napped hat?
3. If 7 days make one week, how many will make one *strong*?
4. If 5½ yards make a Pole, how many will make a *Turk*?
5. If 3 miles make a league, how many will make a *confederacy*?

## RATHER A TOUGH YARN.




A sailor who was complaining of some meat he was trying to eat, and making many wry faces, the landlady enquired what was the matter with it? he replied, you had better ask it, its old enough to speak for itself.

### TO CARVE POULTRY

Fowls have seldom more than two wings. It is advisable, therefore, in carving them, to remember this.—Help the particular guests to a wing or breast; and when they are gone, it is good-breeding to ask the unimportant people, "if they have a preference for any part."

A traveller in a steamboat, not particularly celebrated for its celerity, inquired of a gentleman who stood next to him, what the boat was called; upon which the latter replied, "I think sir, it is called the Regulator, for I observe all other boats go *by it*."

## CAMP MEETING ANECDOTE.

At a camp-meeting, a number of ladies continued standing on the benches, notwithstanding frequent hints from the ministers to sit down. A reverend old gentlemen, noted for his good humor, arose and said—"I think if these ladies standing on the benches knew they had holes in their stockings, they would sit down."—This address had the desired effect—there was an immediate sinking into the seats. A young minister standing behind him, and blushing to the temples, said, "O, brother, how could you say that?" "Say that?" said the old gentleman, "it's a fact —if they hadn't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on!"

A man recently tried soft soap to smooth the harshness of his wife's tongue. It took off a little of the roughness, but made it run faster.



WOOD MAN SPARE THE TREE.



## TO PAINTERS,

WHERE TO GET AND HOW TO MIX THEIR COLORS.

A chap just come out of a lime kiln, make common white; two millers and a sweep, make a French ditto; when two women quarrel, collect your black; from a brandy drinker's nose, scrape your blue; get all the five dollar pieces you can, to make a good yellow; American Rifle Company makes invisible green; when two chaps are fighting, collect your bright red

---

A queer fellow—an English farmer—says, that when he bought his farm there was but one blade of grass on it, and that two rabbits were fighting for that. We should like to know if this is not the same person who had to put a weight, or an anchor, to the tails of his hogs, to keep them from tumbling over their heads while in the act of ROOTING FOR A LIVING?

CUT FOR DEAL—I BEG.



I'LL GIVE YOU ONE. OH DEAR, YOUR A TRUMP.



PENCIL-VAIN-IA, or INKLINGS (not) BY WILLIS.

LEGAL HINTS.

If a man makes a foolish bargain with another, it is a simple contract.

Feigned issues may in some cases be pleaded. When beggars borrow children to excite compassion, it may be said that they are pleading a feigned issue.

"SONG OF THE POTATO."

I'm a careless potato, and heed not a pin
How into existence I came;
If they planted me drill ways, or dibbled me in,
To me 'tis exactly the same.
The peas and the beans may more loftily tower,
But why should I bend me to them?
Defiance I nod, with my beautiful flower
When the earth is hoed up to my stem.

A PROFESSOR OF EVENING CONCERTS, HAVING THE BUMP OF BENEVOLENCE MUCH LARGER THAN JENNY LIND, ALWAYS GIVES CONCERTS GRATIS.



### NO TIME FOR SWAPPING HORSES.

An Indiana man was travelling down the Ohio, on a steamer, with a mare and two year old colt, when, by a sudden careen of the boat, all three were tilted into the river. The Hoosier, as he arose, puffing and blowing above the water, caught hold of the colt, not having a doubt that the natural instinct of the animal would carry him safe ashore. The old mare took a "bee line" for the shore; but the frightened colt swam lustily down the current with its owner hanging fast. "Let go the colt, and hang on to the old mare," shouted some of his friends. "Phree booh!" exclaimed the Hoosier, spouting water from his mouth, and shaking his head like a Newfoundland dog, "it's all very fine, your telling me to let go the colt, but to a man that can't swim, this is not exactly the time for swapping horses."

---

An English paper tells the following curious story:—An inquest was recently held over the body of a young man in Bristol, (Eng.,) named James Mitchell. Upon evidence it was stated, that the deceased had said to his sister, that people had often told him he was too great a coward to hang himself. And to prove himself no coward, he had in joke taken a string, and fastened it round his neck as he stood on a chair, and falling from the chair was actually hung. Verdict:—Accidental death, caused by hanging himself in a joke.

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"Pat, what kind of battle would you prefer to fight, if you knew you were going to get whipped?" "The battle of *Brandy-wine*, to be sure!"

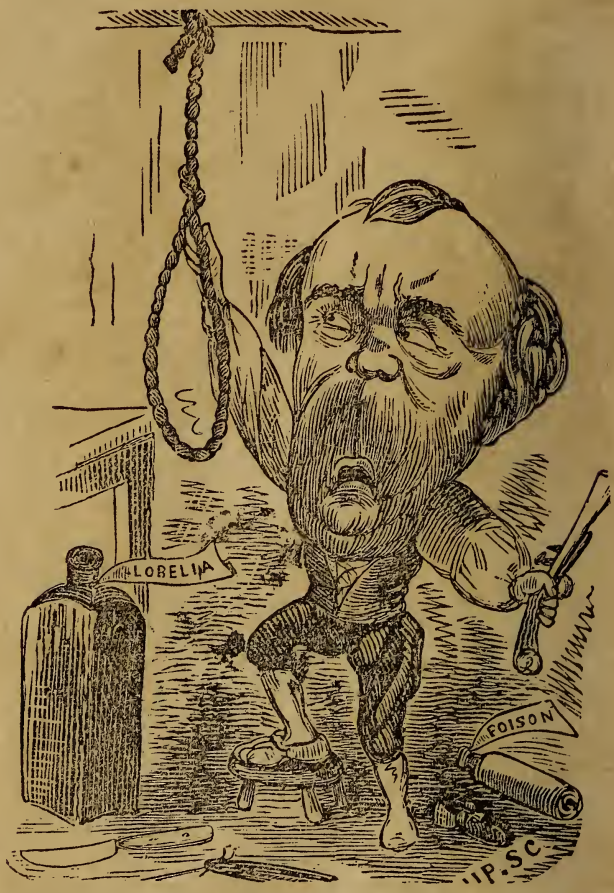
"Well, now I've got the *hang* of this business," as the culprit said when he found himself at last on the gallows.

There is a hotel in Cincinnatti so leaky, that in rainy weather the boarders are compelled to take umbrellas to bed with them.

---

A man in Michegan, not long since, committed suicide by drowning. As the body could not be found, the coroner held an inquest on his hat and jacket, found on the bank of the lake. Verdict—"found empty."

## HUNG UP TO DRY.




An English laborer in Cheshire, attempting to drown himself, an Irish reaper who saw him going into the water, leaped in after him, and brought him safe to shore. The fellow attempting it a second time, the reaper a second time got him out; but the laborer being determined to destroy himself, watched his opportunity, and hung himself behind the barn door. The Irishman observed him, but never offered to cut him down: when, several hours afterwards, the master, coming into the barn-yard, asked him, "upon what ground he had suffered the poor fellow to hang there?" "Faith," replied Patrick, "I don't know what you mean by ground; I know I was so good to him that I fetched him out of the water two times, and I know too, he was wet through every rag, and I thought he hung himself up to dry, and you know I could have no right to prevent him."

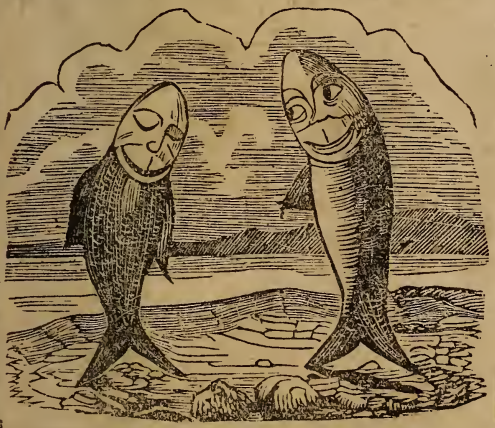
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A Working Man.—A loafer filled with new-made beer



FRIENDLY MEETING BETWEEN TWO CALIFORNIAN SETTLERS.

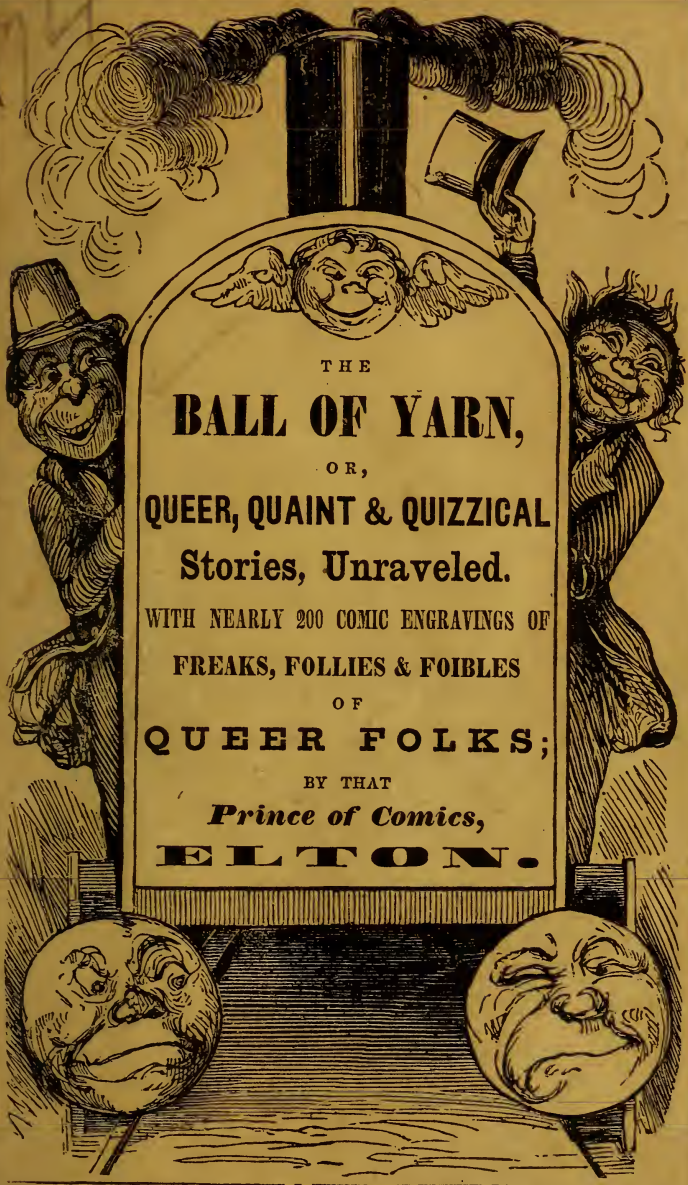
The old greeting of the highway robber of "your money or your life," is now changed in the Gold Diggins to "give me food or I'll blow out your brains;" and that gold for which the avarice of man has caused him to forsake home and kindred, all that renders life desirable, is left for yellow earth, and when got is utterly useless and valueless; the wretch that has toiled and starved to procure his heart's idol, and to get possession of, has sacrificed every thing in the world, has toiled in misery and beggary for the little gratification of *dying* rich.



I say, Wagtail, we gold fish are gainers by this gold-fever, now instead of confining us in glass globes because we look like gold. the plaguy fools have gone to a prison themselves to look like us.

AN INFERENCE.—A country editor, in speaking of a steamboat, says:—"She had twelve berths in her ladies' cabin."

"Oh, life of me!" exclaimed an old lady, upon reading the above, "what a squalling there must have been!"



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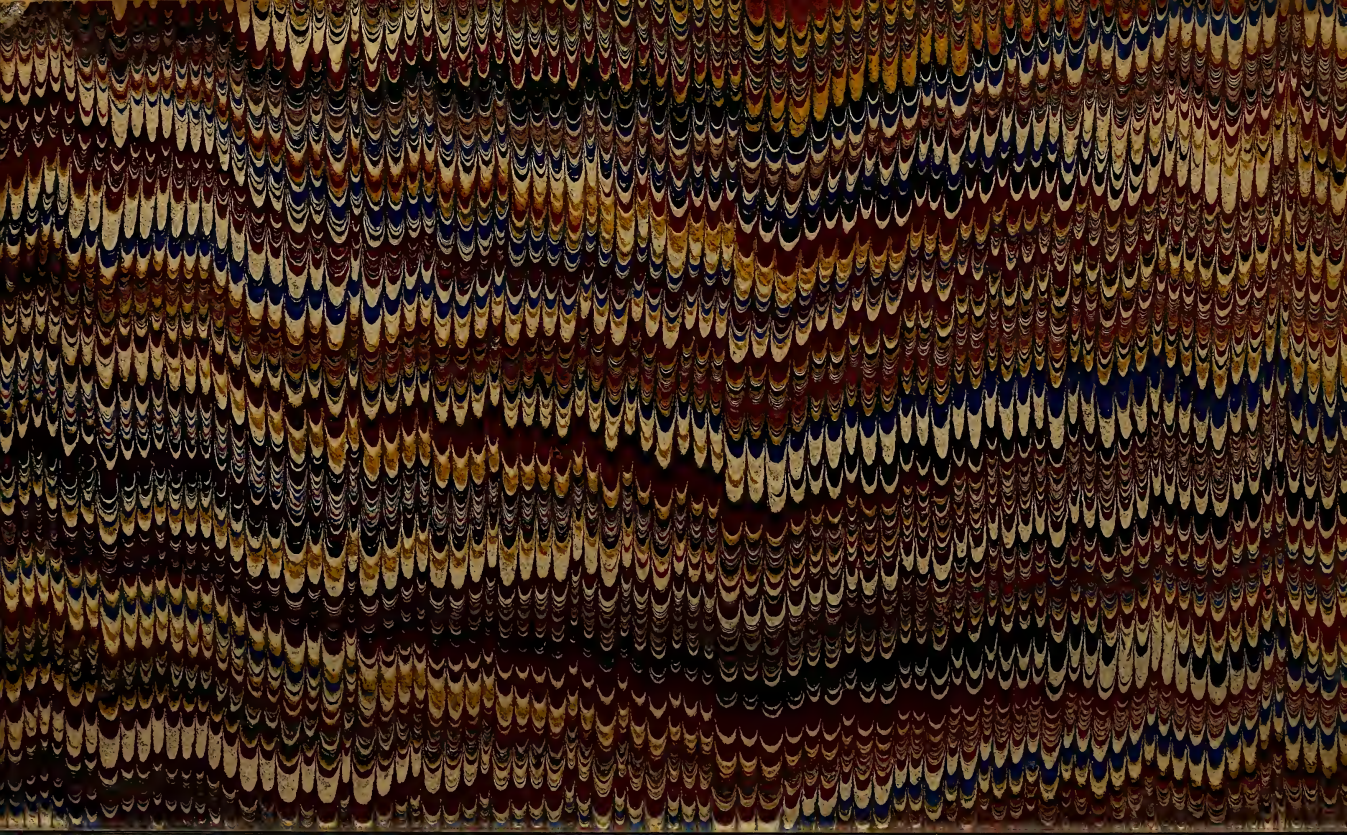
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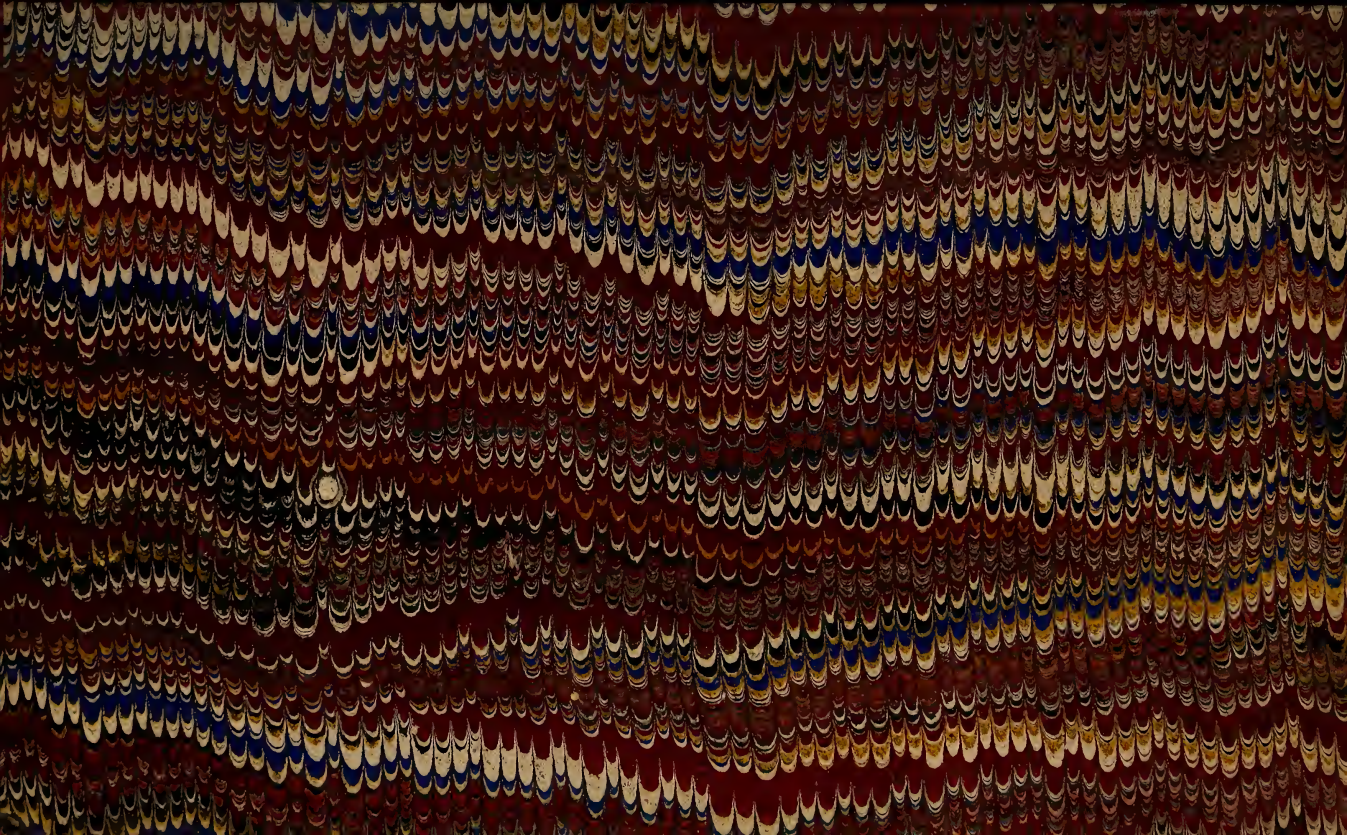
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